

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT REVISED
BY THE
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IN TEN VOLUMES

ROILUS AND CRESSIDA
CORIOLANUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS
ROMEO AND JULIET

SEVENTH



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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

WE learn from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 147 sqq. ed. Shakespeare Soc.) that in April 1599 Dekker and Chettle were engaged in writing a play, which has not come down to us, called *Troilus and Cressida*; and to that piece perhaps applies the entry made by Roberts in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 7th, 1602-3, of "The booke of Troilus and Cressoda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men,"—which "booke," as far as we know, was never given to the press. But another entry in the Stationers' Registers, made by Bonian and Walley, Jan. 28th, 1608-9, of "A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula," undoubtedly describes our author's drama, which was published by the booksellers who made the entry. "The play was originally printed in 1609 [4to]. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same stationers. [Various readings are frequently found in old plays which have been printed from the same forms of type.] The title-pages [see vol. i. p. 174] vary materially; but there is another more remarkable diversity. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface, headed 'A never Writer to an ever Reader. News,' it is asserted that it had never been 'staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar; ' in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as 'Troilus and Cressida' was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed 'as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe.' It is very evident that 'Troilus and Cressida' was originally acted in the interval between the first and the second edition of the 4to, as printed by G. Eld for Bonian and Walley in the early part of 1609. It is probable that our great dramatist prepared it for the stage in the winter of 1608-9, with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed, Bonian and Walley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; and having procured it to be printed, issued it to the world as 'a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar.' That they had obtained it without the consent of the company, 'the grand possessors,' as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page." *COLLIER (Introd. to Troilus and Cressida).*—That some portions of it, particularly towards the end, are from the pen of a very inferior dramatist, is unquestionable: and they would seem to belong to an earlier piece on the same subject, perhaps to the joint-production of Dekker and Chettle before mentioned. The *Troilus and Cresseide* of Chaucer may be considered as the foundation of this play; towards which something was also furnished by Caxton's *Recyell of the Histories of Troye* (first printed circa 1474*), and by Lydigate's *Historye, Sege, and dystruuccyon of Troye* (first printed in 1513).

* "1472-4?" Blades's *Life and Typog. of William Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 3.

ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF THE EDITION OF 1609, 4to.

A never writer to an ever reader:—News.

ETERNAL reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time, I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not,—for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed,—but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and, at the peril of your pleasure's loss and judgment's, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for—for the states of their wits' healths—that will not praise it. Vale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, king of Troy

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS, } Trojan commanders.
ANTENOR,

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides,⁽¹⁾ with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,

(¹) *Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides.]*

I leave these names as they stand in the folio (this Prologue is not in the quarto),—except that I have substituted “*Antenorides*” for “*Antenoridus*”—According to Dares Phrygius, cap. 4, “*Ilio portas fecit Priamus*, quarum nomina hæc sunt, *Antenorides*, *Dardaniae*, *Iliæ*, *Scææ*, *Thymbraæ*, *Trojanæ* [*or Antenoridæ*, *Dardania*, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, *Thymbraæ*, *Trojanæ*];” and Theobald made the names in the present passage agree with that list. But Shakespeare, we may be sure, did not consult Dares Phrygius.—Caxton, in his prose *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye*, &c., under the heading “How the kynge Priam reedified the cyte of troye,” writes thus; “In this Cyte were sixe pryncipall gates, of whome that one was nameil *darijane*, the seconde *tymbria*, the thirde *helyns*, the fourthe *chetas*, the fifthe *troyenne*, and the sixthe *antenorides*.” Ed. (which has neither paging nor signatures) circa 1474: see Introd. to this play, p. 2.—Lydgate, in his poem entitled *The hystorye, Sege and Vystruccyon of Troye*, says;

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard :—and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting⁽³⁾ thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

“The firste of all and strengest eke withall

Was by the kynge called *Dardanydes*;
And in storye lyke as it is founde,
Tymbria was naméd the seconde;
And the thirde called *Helyas*;
The fourthe gate hyglite also *Cetheas*;
The fyfte *Troiana*, the syxth *Antinorydes*,” &c.
E. ii. sig. F 1, ed. 1513.

In the last of these lines ed. 1555 reads

“— the syxth *Antinorydes*.”

(²) *Sperr*]. So Theobald.—The folio has “*Stirre*.” (In the fourth line above Theobald substituted “*Priam's six gates i' th' city*,” to avoid what he says is “a verb *plural* governed by a nominative *singular*;” and Capell, who retains the old reading above, prints here “*Sperr*.” But the city with the enumeration of its gates was certainly considered by our author as equivalent to a plural nominative.)

(³) *starting*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read “starts.”

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before PRIAM'S palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas, hath none !

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part,
I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a
cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening ; but here's yet in the word
"hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating
of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the
cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—“when she comes!”—When is she thence?⁽⁴⁾

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedg'd with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—⁽⁵⁾
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,
—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the
women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would
not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would somebody had
heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise
your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, “she is fair;”
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!⁽⁶⁾—this thou tell'st me,

⁽⁴⁾ “when she comes!”—“When is she thence?"] Rowe's correction (made partly in his first, partly in his sec. ed.).—The old eds. have “then she comes, when she is thence.”

⁽⁵⁾ *storm*—] The old eds. have “scorne.”

⁽⁶⁾ *and spirit of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman!]

“In comparison with Cressida's hand, says he, the spirit of sense, the

As⁽⁷⁾ true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as [Julius Cæsar] Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads

‘—*sprite of sense* ;’

Hanmer,

‘—*to th' spirit of sense*.’

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress *in spite of sense* ; for though he often does it *in spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires.” JOHNSON.—Capell prints “*in spirit of sense*,” &c.

1865. Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes to amend the greater part of this speech as follows ;

“thou answer'st, she is fair ;
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice
 Handlest in thy discourse :—(O that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
And spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh.
 As the hard palm of ploughman !—) this thou tell'st me,
 And true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm
Pour'd in the open ulcer of my heart,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that Love hath given me
 The knife that made it.”

And he observes : “Three out of these four changes are the property of others [of Grant White, Walker, and Barron Field]. I must express my utter dissent from those critics who take the part which I have put into parenthesis for a quotation from Pandarus. ‘*O that her hand*’ &c., is evidently a lover's burst, and the whole passage is as remote from the low jargon of Pandarus as the sky from a cesspool. The words ‘*this thou tell'st me*’ refer to Cressida's *eyes, hair, &c.*, of which Pandarus had been in the habit of talking. This is evident from the close of the speech. The phrase ‘*every gash*’ can refer to nothing but an enumeration of various particulars. ‘*Spirit of sense*’ I take to mean here *most delicate and ethereal touch*. In act iii. sc. 3 the same words are applied to the sight, or rather to the eye, the instrument of sight.”

(7) As] Walker (*Crit Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 191) says of this reading “Evidently wrong. ‘And,’ I think.”

Tro. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [Exit Pandarus. *Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS.

Aene. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

Aene. That Paris is returnèd home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Aeneas?

Aene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Aene. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,⁽⁸⁾
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

⁽⁸⁾ *harness'd light,*] i.e. armed lightly,—whether we choose to understand "lightly" in its usual sense, or in that of *quickly, soon* ("Lightly or soon." *Prompl. Pare.* ed. 1499).—Theobald substituted (most vilely) "harness'dight."—Heath understands "lightly" to mean "ready for action."

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
particular addictions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as
the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into
folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath
a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an
attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy
without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the
joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that
he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle,
and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath
ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?
—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When
were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was

Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say: for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit⁽⁹⁾ this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

⁽⁹⁾ *wit*] Rowe's correction.—The old eds. have "will."

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him,—his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and th' other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvell's⁽¹⁰⁾ white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, “Here's but one and fifty⁽¹¹⁾ hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.”

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. “One and

⁽¹⁰⁾ *marvell's*] Here,—as in *Hamlet*, “You shall do *marvell's* wisely,” &c., act ii. sc. i,—“*marvell's*” is an abbreviation of *marvellous*.

⁽¹¹⁾ *Here's but one and fifty*] The old eds. have, both in the present and in the next speech of Pandarus, “—two and fifty,”—which Theobald altered as above, observing, “How else can the numbers make out Priam and his fifty sons?” and this rectification of an error, which probably arose from the Ms. having had the numbers in figures, was adopted by all subsequent editors till Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier brought back into the text the corrupted reading.—It is not to be doubted that Shakespeare knew the exact number of sons which from

fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed; and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.]

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Aeneas passes.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

the earliest times had been assigned to Priam,—even supposing that the following passage was by another dramatist;

"Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!"

Titus Andronicus, act i. sc. 2;—

and it is utterly improbable that here he would needlessly deviate from the Homeric tradition.—Mr. Knight, in defending "two and fifty," remarks that "The Margerelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act V., is one of the additions to the old classical family." But Margerelon is not to be considered as an *addition* to the family (which, in all conscience, was large enough already): the romance-writers merely bestowed that name on one of the fifty sons whom antiquity had left unnamed.

ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that ?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you: and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus ?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS passes.

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry “Troilus”?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:—'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here comes more.

Forces *pass.*

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.⁽¹²⁾

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

(12) *Pan.* *I'll be with you, niece, by and by.*

Cres. *To bring, uncle?*

Pan. *Ay, a token from Troilus.]*

After “*To bring, uncle?*” the quarto has a colon; the folio, a full-point.—When Pandarus says, “*I'll be with you, niece, by and by,*” Cressida catches at the words “*I'll be with you,*” and subjoins “*to bring,*”—just as Pandarus catches at “*to bring,*” and adds “*Ay, a token,*” &c.—See Gloss. sub “*bring,*” &c.

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
 Things won are done ; joy's soul lies⁽¹³⁾ in the doing :
 That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this,—
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
 That she was never yet that ever knew
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech⁽¹⁴⁾ :
 Then, though my heart's content firm love d'oth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before AGAMEMNON's tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS,
 and others.

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you princes,

⁽¹³⁾ *lies*] Mason would read “dies.”

⁽¹⁴⁾ *Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech.*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes “Achiev'd men still command,” &c. : but if the text requires alteration (of which I have yet to be convinced), Mr. Harnett's reading, “Achiev'd men us command,” &c., is far preferable. See Walker's *Crit. Exem.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 313, where this passage is quoted without any suspicion of its being corrupt ; and the editor's note *ibid.*

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks,⁽¹⁵⁾
 And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 • Lies rich in virtue and unminglèd.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled⁽¹⁶⁾ under shade, why, then the thing of courage,

⁽¹⁵⁾ wrecks,] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have “wörkes,” which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 192) pronounces to be “palpably wrong.”

⁽¹⁶⁾ fled] “Perhaps ‘flee,’” says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 68); which Capell gives,

Quite from their fixture ! O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 Then⁽²⁴⁾ enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
 The primogenity⁽²⁵⁾ and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string, .
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or rather, right and wrong—
 Between whose endless jar justice resides—
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey⁽²⁶⁾
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglection of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so every step,

⁽²⁴⁾ Then] So Hanmer.—The old eds. have “The.”

⁽²⁵⁾ primogenity] So the quarto (“*primogenitie*”).—The folio has “*primogenitue*.”

an universed wolf,

an universal prey,]

“[The first ‘universal’] wrong, surely.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i.
 p. 307.

Examplered by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : with him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action—
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting playcr,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested⁽²⁷⁾ seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms unsquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries, “ Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.
 Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,
 As he being drest to some oration.”
 That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends

(27) *o'er-wrested*] *i.e.* over-wound,—as with a *wrest* (for tuning harps).
 —The old eds. have “ *ore-rested*.”

Of parallels ; as⁽²⁸⁾ like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet good⁽²⁹⁾ Achilles still cries, “ Excellent ! . . .
‘Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm.”

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies ; cries, “ O, enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.” And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will’d ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace⁽³⁰⁾
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;

⁽²⁸⁾ as] Has been omitted ; and rightly perhaps.

⁽²⁹⁾ good] So the second folio.—The quarto and the first folio have
“ god ; ” which in my former edition I wrongly retained.—On the
words “ good ” and “ god ” confounded in our early writers, see *Crit.
Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 304, by Walker,—who compares with the misprint
in the present passage a similar misprint of the folio in *Coriolanus*, act
j: sc. i ;

“ Shall ? O God ! but most unwise Patricians : why,” &c.

⁽³⁰⁾ pace] The old eds. have “ place.”

Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons.

[*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.⁽³¹⁾

Men. From Troy.

Enter AENEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Aene. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm⁽³²⁾
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general,

Aene. Fair leave and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eycs of other mortals?

Ayam. How!

Aene. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

(31) *What trumpet? look, Menelaus.*] Capell prints "*What trumpet's that? look, Menelaus.*"—Steevens would omit "*Menelaus.*"—Qy. "—*Menelaus, look?*"

(32) *Achilles' arm*] "Perhaps the author wrote '*Alcides' arm.*'" JOHNSON,

The youthful Phœbus :
 Which is that god in office, guiding men ?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's accord,⁽³³⁾
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
 Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
 But what the repining enemy commands,
 That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.⁽³⁴⁾

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Aeneas* ?

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Aene. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from
 Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

⁽³³⁾ *Jove's accord.*] Theobald takes this for an ablative absolute,—“when Jove shows himself on their side :” but it is very doubtful if we have the true text here.—Malone (badly) conjectures “*Jove's a god* ;” Steevens (as badly), “*Jove's a lord* ;” and Mason (absurdly), “*Jove's own bird*.”—The quarto has “*great Joves accord*.”

⁽³⁴⁾ *that praise, sole pure, transcends.*] Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters “*sole pure*” to “*soul-pure*,”—which seems to convey no meaning at all.

What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
 Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
 Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms; ⁽³⁵⁾
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agm. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas*;

(35) *Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;*] So the folio.—The quarto has “*Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,*” which Mr. Collier persists in adopting. He says; “The Rev. Mr. Dyce does not understand (‘Remarks,’ p. 151) the expression ‘couple in his arms.’ We are sorry for it: to other people the words may be more intelligible; and, with all respect, we cannot alter the language of Shakespeare in deference merely to Mr. Dyce’s want of perception. It is only a figurative mode of saying, ‘did embrace in his arms,’ but the folio sacrifices the figure: so when old Talbot, in ‘Henry VI., Part I.,’ A. iv. sc. 7, clasps his dead son, he says that they are ‘coupled in bonds of perpetuity.’ The arms of the Greek are what are termed ‘couples’ in the language of the chase.”—I now repeat the words which I used long ago,—that here “couple” is neither English nor sense; and I would ask, what has become of Mr. Collier’s “perception” when he can see no difference of expression between “a Greek coupling a lady in his arms” and old Talbot and his son “being coupled in bonds of perpetuity”?

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vanebrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Excunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:—

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how? (26)

(26) *Well, and how?*] Steevens proposes “*Well, and how then?*”

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

• *Nest.* Yes,

It is most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation⁽³⁷⁾ shall be oddly poi'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

(37) *imputation*] “Mr. Collier, following his annotator, reads ‘reputation,’ neither being aware that ‘imputation’ was often used [nearly] in that sense: see *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, ‘I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the *imputation* laid on him by them, in his meed he’s unfollowed.’”
STAUNTON.

Which entertain'd, limbs are his⁽³⁸⁾ instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows'
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell;⁽³⁹⁾ if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent⁽⁴⁰⁾
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.

⁽³⁸⁾ *are his*] So the second folio.—The first folio has *are n his.*—
This is not in the quarto.

⁽³⁹⁾ *perchance, that they will sell;*] The old eds. have “*perchance*
theile [and they'll] sell.”

⁽⁴⁰⁾ *The lustre of the better yet to show,*
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent
So the folio, except that it omits “*then,*” which was supplied by Pope.
—Mr. Grant White conjectures

Shall show the better thus. Do not consent. —
Here the quarto has

“*The lustre of the better shall exceed,*
By shewing the worse first: do not consent.”

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now⁽⁴¹⁾ I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run, then? were not that a botchy core?—⁽⁴²⁾

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [Beating him.

(41) *Nest. Ulysses,*
Now]

The old eds. have “*Nest. Now Vlysses.*”

(42) *core?*—] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads “*sore.*”—Mr. Staunton proposes “*cur.*”—From Johnson's *Dictionary*, sub “*Core,*” we learn that the word is used in the sense of a body or collection (French, *corps*) by Bacon in the following passage of his *History of King Henry the Seventh*; “But hee was more doubtfull of the rasing of iorces to resist the rebels, then of the resistance it selfe; for that he was in a *core* of people, whose affections he suspected.” p. 17, ed. 1641,—on the strength of which passage Mr. Grant White here substitutes “*corps*” for “*core.*”

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: *I*⁽⁴³⁾ will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching o' thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!⁽⁴⁴⁾

⁽⁴³⁾ thou vinewedst leaven, speak: *I*] The quarto has "thou vnsalted leaven, speake, *I*:" the folio, "you whinidst leaven speake, *I*:"—The sense seems to require "— speak, or *I*," which Hapner gave.

⁽⁴⁴⁾ Ajax. Mistress Thersites! &c.] So the folio.—The quarto has

"*Ajax.* Mistres Thersites.

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him. *Ajax Coblofe,*
Hee would punne thee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler
breakes a bisket, you horson curre. Do? do?

Ajax: Thou stoole for a witch."—

Nares in his *Gloss*, writes as follows: "COB-LOAF. A large loaf. *Cob* is used in composition to express large, as *cob-nut*, *cob-swan*, &c. But if Ajax uses it to Thersites, he must mean to imply awkwardness and deformity." Then, after citing the passage as it stands in our text, Nares proceeds: "This is desperately corrupt. Of 'Mistress Thersites,' I can make nothing [neither could Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 193]; but the 4to suggests the true reading of the rest, after transposing only one word, by giving the whole to Thersites;

Ther. Shouldst thou strike him, Ajax, *coblofe!* he would pun thee into shivers, &c.

The commentators, to explain the other reading, say that *cob-loaf* means

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

'a crusty uneven loaf,' that it may suit Thersites; and Mr. Steeves says it is so used in the midland counties; but Mr. Steeves finds an usage where he wants it. Whereas, if Thersites calls Ajax *cob-loaf*, it then retains its analogous sense, of a 'large, clumsy loaf,' and the succeeding allusion to a biscuit is natural, and in its place. 'Though you are like a large loaf, Achilles would pound you like a biscuit.' The passage little deserves the labour of correcting, had not the correction been so obvious." But Nares's so-called "obvious correction" (founded on the error of the quarto) is undoubtedly wrong. "*Cobloaf*" applies well to the personal deformity of Thersites. ("*Cob-loaf*, a misshapen loaf of bread," &c. Capell's *Gloss*. "*Cobloaf*. A crusty uneven loaf, with a round top to it. Loaves called *cobs* are still made in Oxfordshire. See Edwards's *Old English Customs*, p. 25." Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, &c.)—I may add that "*Thou shouldst strike him*" is equivalent to "You had better strike him."

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great

catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your⁽⁴⁵⁾ grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax, to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

• *Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach⁽⁴⁶⁾ bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour⁽⁴⁷⁾ of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man. [Exit *Achil.* and *Patr.*

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exit.

⁽⁴⁵⁾ *your*]. The old eds. have "their."

⁽⁴⁶⁾ *brach*]. Rowe's correction.—The old eds. have "brooch."—"*Brach*" certainly means [here] a *bitch*, and not a *dog*, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. Thersites calls Patroclus "Achilles' *brach*" for the same reason that he afterwards calls him his *male harlot* [but see note 148] and his *masculine whore*." MASON.

⁽⁴⁷⁾ *the fifth hour*]. So the folio.—The quarto has "the first *houre*:" but, as Mr. Collier observes, it would seem by what Thersites says afterwards (p. 76),—"If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other,"—that "fifth hour" is right.

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
“ Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off:”—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out “ Who knows what follows ? ”
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismies,
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one tcn,—
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite ?⁽⁴⁵⁾

(45) *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] “ Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, ‘that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.’ The modern editors silently give ‘The past proportion’—JOHNSON.—But see note 37 on *The Comedy of Errors* for examples of the proneness of printers to blunder in words beginning with the letter *v*.

And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly⁽⁴⁹⁾ shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest ;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know an enemy intends you harm ;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

⁽⁴⁹⁾ *godly*] "Qy. 'goodly,' with Capell's [conjecture in his] *Var. R.*"
W. N. LETTSOM.

Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 To blemish from this, and to stand firm by honour:
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.⁽⁵⁰⁾
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,—
 As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now

⁽⁵⁰⁾ *whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.]*

So the folio, except that (like the quarto) it has "Apolloes."—The quarto reads "— and makes pale the morning:" but the reading of the folio (though Mr. Collier declares that it "can hardly be right") is surely preferable; "stale" is more properly opposed to "freshness" than "pale." Compare

"Pallas for all her painting than,
 Her face would seeme but pale;
 Then Juno would haue blusht for shame,
 And Venus looked stale."

Lylly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, sig. D 2.

"Fair Iris would haue lookt but stale and dimme
 In her best colours, had she there appear'd."

Wither's *Epithalamia*, sig. D 2, ed. 1620.—

Since I wrote what precedes, I find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 305), speaking of this passage, says, "I follow Dyce in reading with the folio 'stale.'"

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,—
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base,
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep !⁽⁵¹⁾
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [within] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister ; I do know her voice.

Cas. [within] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace !

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled *eld*,⁽⁵²⁾
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen and a woe !

Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same ?

(51) *That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep !* “Surely, with some editions [Hanmer's],

‘*What we have stol'n, that we do fear to keep.’*”

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 193.

(52) *wrinkled eld,*] The folio has “*wrinkled old* ;” the quarto, “*wrinkled elders*.”—Corrected by Ritson.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propensity, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour.
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass⁽⁶⁸⁾ the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up

^{(53) pass]} Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "poise;" and rightly perhaps.

On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
I have gloz'd,—but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners : now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumb'd wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd : thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;

For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
I was advéritis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept :
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before ACHILLES' tent.*

Enter THIERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites ! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction ! would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me : 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods ; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft

of thy caduceus ; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have ! which short-aimed⁽⁵⁴⁾ ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp ! or, rather, the bone-ache !⁽⁵⁵⁾ for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers ; and devil envy say Amen. —What, ho ! my Lord Achilles !

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there ? Thersites ! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation : but it is no matter ; thyself upon thyself ! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue ! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee ! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death ! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles ?

Patr. What, art thou devout ? wast thou in prayer ?

Ther. Ay ; the heavens hear me !

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there ?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where ?—Art thou come ? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many*meals ? Come,—what's Agamemnon ?

⁽⁵⁴⁾ *short-aimed*] The old eds. have “*short-arind*” and “*short-arm'd*.”—The correction “*short-aimed*” was made in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare, &c.*, p. 152. Compare our author's *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 2 ;

“By the discovery
We shall be *shorten'd in our arm's*”

⁽⁵⁵⁾ *the bone-ache !*] The quarto has “*the Neopolitan bone-ache*.”

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the creator.⁽⁵⁶⁾ It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.]

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

⁽⁵⁶⁾ to the creator.] The quarto has "of the Prouer."

He shent our messengers: ⁽⁵⁷⁾ and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him :
Let him be told so ; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent :
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call
it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my head,
'tis pride : but why, why ? let him show us the cause.—A
word, my lord. [Takes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath-inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his
argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argu-
ment,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish than

⁽⁵⁷⁾ *He shent our messengers;*] The quarto has “*He sate our mes-
sengers;*” the folio, “*He sent our Messengers.*”—I adopt the emendation
of Theobald : the word “*shent*” is several times used by our author ;
and Steevens *ad l.* has aptly cited from the romance of *The Sowdon of
Babyloine*, “*All messengeris he doth shende :*” moreover, if the reading
of the quarto, “*He sate our messengers,*” be, as I suspect it is, a mistake
for “*He rates our messengers,*” Theobald’s alteration of the folio’s “*sent*”
to “*shent*” is still further strengthened.—Mr. Collier (at the suggestion
of a friend) gave in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, “*We sent our messengers,*”
&c. ; and so reads his Ms. Corrector. But “*We sent our messengers,*”—
a simple declaration that Agamemnon had sent messengers to Achilles,
without any mention of the treatment which those messengers had
received from the latter,—by no means suits with what immediately
follows in the sentence. The objection which Mr. Collier brings against
Theobald’s emendation, viz. that “*Achilles had not rebuked any mes-
sengers*” (meaning, I presume, that the said rebuking is not previously
mentioned in the play), forms really no objection at all ; for neither is
there previously the slightest hint of messengers having been sent by
Agamemnon to Achilles ; yet from the present passage (whichever
reading be adopted) it is clear that they had been sent ; and, as we are
expressly told (act i. sc. 3) that Achilles used to take pleasure in seeing
Patroclus “pageant” Agamemnon, we surely may suppose that he would
treat his messengers with any thing but respect.

their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake,— An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:— We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest; in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself⁽⁵⁸⁾ Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch

⁽⁵⁸⁾ *Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself*] “I suspect that two half-lines have drop't out, to this effect;

‘Than in the note of judgment. Tell him this;
And add, besides, that worthier than himself; &c.’”

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 182.

His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,⁽⁵⁹⁾ as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you

[*Exit Ulysses.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as
wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more
tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his
own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and what-
ever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the
praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering
of toads.

Nest. [aside] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

• *Re-enter ULYSSES.*

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

(59) *His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,*] The quarto has “*His course, and
time, his ebbs and flowes;*” the folio, “*His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes.*”

Ayam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of't
Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminante himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were t' enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [aside] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him

Dio. [aside] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [aside] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [aside] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [aside] He will be the physician that should be
the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [aside] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first:
shall pride carry it?

Nest. [aside] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [aside] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. [aside] He's not yet through warm:⁽⁶⁰⁾ force him
with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [to *Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this
dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

(60) *He's not yet through warm:*] Both the quarto and the folio give
these words to *Ajax*.

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—⁽⁶¹⁾

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected !

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition :⁽⁶²⁾

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour, let⁽⁶³⁾

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.⁽⁶⁴⁾

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles.

⁽⁶¹⁾ Nest. *What a vice were it in Ajax now,—*

Ulyss. If he were proud,—]

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read

“Nest. *Why, what a vice were it in Ajax now,*
If he were proud.”

⁽⁶²⁾ *Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition.*] The quarto has “*Thrice-fam'd beyond all thy erudition;*” the folio, “*Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition.*”

⁽⁶³⁾ *[let]* Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 194).

⁽⁶⁴⁾ *Nest. Ay, my good son.*] The folio gives these words to *Ulysses*.—The quarto prefixes to them (and rightly, as the context shows) “*Nest.*”—yet Mr. Knight says; “Because Nestor was an old man, THE MODERN EDITORS make him reply to the question of Ajax,” &c.

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow⁽⁶⁵⁾
 We must with all our main of power stand fast :
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep :
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. A room in PRIAM's palace.*

Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word : do not you follow
 the young Lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean ?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman ; I must needs
 praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my
 titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir : it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

(65) *Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow*] An imperfect line, which has been variously amended. Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes “—
to Troy to-day : to-morrow.”

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,⁽⁶⁶⁾

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! —especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

(66) *love's invisible soul*,—] Which, says Johnson, “may mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else,”—was altered by Hammer to “*love's visible soul*,” an alteration adopted by Capell, and recommended by Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.⁽⁶⁷⁾

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.⁽⁶⁸⁾

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer⁽⁶⁹⁾ Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

⁽⁶⁷⁾ *Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.*] Given to Pandarus in the old eds.; to Helen by Rowe.

⁽⁶⁸⁾ *You must not know where he sups.*] Given to Helen in the old eds.; to Pandarus by Hanmer.

⁽⁶⁹⁾ *my disposer*] *i.e.* she who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk: see note 36 on *Love's Labour's Lost*.—(Of the alterations made and proposed here—“*my disposer*,” “*my deposer*,” and “*my dispraiser*,” it is not easy to say which is the most foolish.)

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

[Sings.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? ⁽⁷⁰⁾ hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris; Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. PANDARUS' orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, ⁽⁷¹⁾ *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

(⁷⁰) *Pan. Is this the generation of love, &c.]* “However ‘*Pan.*’ may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen’s.*” RITSON.

(⁷¹) *TROILUS’ Boy,*] Here in the old eds. he is called “*Troylus*

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

[*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her doör,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchanteth my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes⁽⁷²⁾ indeed
Love's thrice-reputed⁽⁷³⁾ nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning⁽⁷⁴⁾ destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her

Man;" but this is evidently the attendant whom they have previously (see p. 19) designated "*Troilus' Boy.*"

⁽⁷²⁾ *palate tastes*] The old eds. have "pallats taste."

⁽⁷³⁾ *thrice-reputed*] So some copies (e.g. the Duke of Devonshire's copy, and my own copy) of the quarto.—Other copies of the quarto, and the folio, have "thrice reputed."

⁽⁷⁴⁾ *Swooning*] The old eds. have "sounding." See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

[Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer foot-

ing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.⁽⁷⁵⁾

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition~~s~~ enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord^{get} a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

⁽⁷⁵⁾ *worst.*] Both the quarto and the folio have "worse."—Corrected by Hauner.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much⁽⁷⁶⁾
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning⁽⁷⁷⁾ in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel!—stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith. [Kisses her.]

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashame'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

⁽⁷⁶⁾ but not, till now, so much] “Read, with the quarto, ‘but, till now, not so much.’” W. N. LETTSOM.

⁽⁷⁷⁾ Cunning] Pope's correction.—The old eds. have “Comning.”

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun

Yourselves.⁽⁷⁸⁾

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show'd⁽⁷⁹⁾ more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

(78) *Tro.* *You cannot shun*
Yourselves, &c.]

Some slight imperfection here.

(79) *show'd*] The quarto has “show;” the folio, “shew.” (Mr. Graunt White prints “shew,” considering it—erroneously, I believe—as a form of the preterite.)

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all inconstant⁽³⁰⁾ men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

(80) *inconstant*] So Hanmer.—The old eds. have “constant;” which the reader will find elaborately defended in the notes of Tyrwhitt, Malone, and Heath.—“Tyrwhitt would not have contended for the reading of ‘constant’ instead of ‘inconstant,’ had he considered the passage with his usual accuracy. It is true that, in Shakespeare’s time, a Troilus was an expression for a constant lover, and a Cressida for a jilt, because in the conclusion of their amour Troilus continued faithful, and Cressida proved false; but Pandarus supposes in this speech that

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed,⁽⁸¹⁾ because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant⁽⁸²⁾ all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind⁽⁸³⁾ That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,⁽⁸⁴⁾

they should both prove false to each other, and in that case it would have been absurd to say that Troilus should be quoted as an example of constancy." MASON.—"Notwithstanding all the reasoning of the critics, the emendation of Hanmer ('inconstant') is not only plausible, but absolutely necessary. Pandarus is not uttering a prophecy, but an imprecation on the lovers and himself in case Troilus and Cressida are false one to the other. Nor [Now?] why Troilus should always be called constant, if he proved false to Cressida, these critics would have done well to explain. Mr. Mason's objection to 'constant,' which, by the way, I have almost transcribed, is unanswerable; though attempted, in vain, to be answered by Malone." PYE.

⁽⁸¹⁾ *a chamber with a bed; which bed.*] The old eds. have only "a Chamber, which bed."—The additional words were inserted by Hanmer.—In my former edition I queried "a chamber, whose bed," which Mr. Grant White has adopted.

⁽⁸²⁾ *And Cupid grant, &c.*] Walker suspects that this couplet is interpolated. He says; "Could Shakespeare have written it? Besides, the preceding 'away' seems a natural conclusion of the scene, and in Shakespeare's manner." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 204.

⁽⁸³⁾ *Appeal it to your mind*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes, most improperly, "Appeal it to your mind."

⁽⁸⁴⁾ *That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,*]

A much-controverted passage; in which it is doubtful whether the reading of the old eds. be "to loue" or "to Jove." (Elsewhere in this play the word "Jove" occurs twelve times: in the quarto always in

Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into⁽⁶⁵⁾ the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—

Italic ; in the folio three times in Roman, and nine times in Italic.)—
 According to Steevens, if we read “*to love*,” and alter the punctuation
 thus,

“*That, through the sight I bear in things, to love
 I have abandon'd Troy,*” &c.,

the meaning may be, “No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have
 left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris
 and Helen :” which, though ridiculous enough, is plausible when com-
 pared to Mr. Knight's,

“*That, through the sight I bear in things to love,*” &c.,
 i.e. “through my prescience in knowing what things I should love,”
 &c. !—Rowe printed

“*That, through the sight I bear in things to come,*” &c. ;
 a violent alteration,—“made,” as Johnson observes, “to obtain some
 meaning.”—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives

“*That, through the sight I bear in things above,*” &c.
 (a reading which, before the Corrector's emendations were discovered,
 had been suggested by Mr. Collier himself in his note *ad l.*, and per-
 haps by others).—Johnson and Malone preferred

“*That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy,*” &c. ;
 to which the strong objections are obvious.—1865. Mr. Staunton sub-
 stitutes

“*That, through the sight I bear in things from Jove,*” &c.—
 The old eds. have “*left my possession*.”
⁽⁶⁵⁾ *into*] Equivalent to “unto” (as in several other passages of our
 poet.

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood,⁽⁸⁶⁾ a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pay.⁽⁸⁷⁾

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:—
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me

⁽⁸⁶⁾ *a prince of blood,*] The fourth folio has “*a prince o' th' blond.*”—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 195) makes here the same alteration, as we find in the fourth folio, and then observes; “*Troilus and Cressida* is—certainly in the latter part, and, if I recollect right, throughout—one of the most incorrectly printed plays in the folio; second only in this respect to *Love's Labour's Lost*.”—But compare “*Art thou of blood and honour?*” p. 119.

⁽⁸⁷⁾ *In most accepted pay.*] The old eds. have “*In most accepted paine.*” But the original compositor probably mistook “*paine*” for “*paine*:” and “*pay*” is supported by the preceding words of the sentence, “*buy my daughter.*” (Johnson says; “Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read ‘In most accepted *pay*.’ They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or *recompense*, *the service I have done*, even in those *labours* which were *most accepted*.”)

Why such unpleasive eyes are bent on him: ⁽⁸⁸⁾
 If so, I have derision med'cinal,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drinck:
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
 So do each lord; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would Le aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [Exeunt *Agamemnon* and *Nestor*.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[Exit.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good Morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good Morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
 To come us humbly as they use ⁽⁸⁹⁾ to creep
 To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

⁽⁸⁸⁾ *Why such unpleasive eyes are bent on him:—* The old eds. have “*Why such vnpaulsive [and vnplesive] eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?*” *Variae lectio[n]es*, beyond all doubt.

⁽⁸⁹⁾ *use*] The old eds. have “*vsd*” (an error occasioned by the occurrence of that word in the preceding line but one.)—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 297).

What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow—
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do !
 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
 As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to⁽⁹⁴⁾ me
 Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of *ingratitudes*:⁽⁹⁵⁾
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As they are done:⁽⁹⁶⁾ perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take th' instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but⁽⁹⁷⁾ goes abreast: keep, then, the path;

⁽⁹⁴⁾ *to*] Ought probably to be omitted.

⁽⁹⁵⁾ *A great-siz'd monster of *ingratitudes*:*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 238) quotes this line as containing a misprint, “*ingratitudes*” for “*ingratitude*” (which Hammer gives); and perhaps such is the case: but it may be mentioned that in *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, Walker approves of the emendation, “*ingratitudes*” for “*ingratitude*.”—Mr. Singer (some time after the publication of his *Shakespeare,—Notes and Queries* for March 13th, 1858, p. 202, Sec. Series) proposed “*A great-siz'd muster of *ingratitudes**,”—a very ingenious conjecture; with which, however, Mr. Arrowsmith makes himself merry in *The Editor of ‘Notes and Queries,’ &c.*, p. 11.

⁽⁹⁶⁾ *As they are done*:] The old eds. have “*As done*.” (Compare, in the preceding line, “*as they are made*.”)

⁽⁹⁷⁾ *one but*] Walker, quoting this passage (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 348), has “*but one*.”

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like^e to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;⁽⁹⁸⁾
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,⁽⁹⁹⁾
 O'er-rus^e and trampled on: then what they do in present
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer: welcome⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:⁽¹⁰¹⁾

(98) *And leave you hindmost;]* “The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus;

‘And leave you hindmost [him, most], then what they do at [in] present—’

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

‘Or, like a gallant horse—.’’ JOHNSON.—

“The construction is, ‘Or, like a gallant horse, &c., *you* lie there for pavement—;’ the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here.” MALONE.

(99) *to the abject rear;]* Hammer’s correction.—The folio has “*to the abiect, neere.*”—This simile is not in the quarto.

(100) *welcome]* The old eds. have “*the welcome.*”

(101) *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:]

The old eds. have “*And goe to dust,*” &c.—Theobald printed

Then marvel not, thou great and cōplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of date,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.⁽¹⁰²⁾

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold; ⁽¹⁰³⁾

"And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold. o'er-dusted."

"the foundation of which amendment," he says, "he owes to Dr. Thirlby."—But with "gilt o'er-dusted" compare a line in *King Richard II*, act ii sc. 1.

“Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre’s tilt:”

which seems to forbid the alteration of "gilt" to "gold" in the present passage, though the alteration is approved by Walker, who (*Shakespeare's Versification, &c.*, p. 102) also recommends the following arrangement:

*"And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gold o'er-dusted. The present eye
Praises the present object;"*

an arrangement which is perhaps the preferable one.

(102) daughters.] A trisyllable here: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Verification*, &c., p. 207.

(103) *Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold:—* The quarto has only

"Knowes almost every thing."

The folio has “— every graine of Plutoes gold,” as it again has in *Julius Caesar*, act iv. sc. 3, “Deerer then Pluto’s Mine;” and in both places “Pluto’s” might stand; for even the ancients themselves frequently confounded $\Pi\lambdaοτρων$, the god of the lower world, with $\Pi\lambdaοτρος$.

Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.⁽¹⁰⁴⁾
 There is a mystery—with whom⁽¹⁰⁵⁾ relation
 Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 Wher fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 "Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."⁽¹⁰⁶⁾

the god of riches. But since the folio has in *Timon of Athens*, act i. sc. 1, "Platus the God of Gold," and in *All's well that ends well*, act v. sc. 3,

"*Platus* [a mistake for *Plutus*] himself,
 That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine," &c.,

the variation of the name in the present passage and in that of *Julius Caesar* may surely be attributed, not to Shakespeare, but to transcribers or printers.

(104) *Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles, &c.]*

The old eds. have "Keeps place with thought," &c.—Various attempts have been made to amend the second line.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 29) says, "My ear seems to dictate the arrangement,

'Keeps pace with thought;
 And almost, like the gods, does thoughts unveil
 In their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery,' &c."—

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"Keeps pace with th' brain (or mind), and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. There's
 A mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle), &c."

(105) *whom*] See note 93.

(106) *win,*
 him.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 135) cites an instance of "win" used as a rhyme to "him" from some verses addressed to W. Browne. I

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and manly grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself;⁽¹⁰⁷⁾ and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?⁽¹⁰⁸⁾

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

may add that, in the introductory lines to the second act of *Pericles*, “sin” rhymes to “him.”

(¹⁰⁷) *Sweet, rouse yourself;*] Mr. Collier now rashly adopts the reading of his Ms. Corrector, “*Swift, rouse yourself*.” See note 71 on *The Comedy of Errors*.

(¹⁰⁸) *Be shook to air.*

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?]

So the quarto.—The folio has “*Be shooke to ayrie ayre;*” which Mr. Knight deliberately adopts. “The quarto,” he says, “has *air*, without the Shaksperian superlative”!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say “There were wit in this head, an ’twould out;” and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man’s undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i’ the combat, he’ll break’t himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, “Good Morrow, Ajax;” and he replies, “Thanks, Agamemnon.” What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He’s grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he’ll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in’s arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon.⁽¹⁰⁹⁾ Do this.

(109) *Agamemnon.*] After this word the folio has “&c.;” which is not unusual in old plays printed from the prompter’s book: it seems to mean that the actor of the part might, if he chose, “speak more than was set down for him;”—a license which assuredly was not granted by Shakespeare.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Troy. A street.*

Enter, from one side, AENEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the Lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In human gentleness,⁽¹¹⁰⁾
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

(110) *In human gentleness,*] The old eds. have “*In humane (and humaine) gentlenesse*”—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 196) compares *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 3,

“*in human modesty*
Such separation,” &c.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let *Aeneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cōplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love,⁽¹¹¹⁾ that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this ~~Greek~~
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Artenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company: or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good Morrow, all. [Exit with Servant.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—

(111) *This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love,*]

The folio has “*This is the most despightful'st gentle*,” &c.; which Mr. Knight adopts, observing, “This is the common construction of the age of Shakspere: the MODERN reading is *despiteful*.” Now, it is true enough that Shakespeare, like other early writers, frequently joins “*most*” with a superlative: but what Mr. Knight calls the *modern* reading happens to be that of the quarto,—and the better one, as the context shows.

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soiure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are ~~pleas'd~~ to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.⁽¹¹²⁾

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.⁽¹¹³⁾

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

(112) *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;*
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.]

The quarto has

“Both merits poyz'd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.”

The folio,

“Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore;”

where nothing can be plainer than that “which” is a mistake, either of the transcriber or printer, for “each.” (This emendation occurred to me long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of.)

(113) *We'll but commend what we intend to sell.]* The old eds. have

SCENE II. *The same. Court of PANDARUS' house.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: sleep kill⁽¹¹⁴⁾ those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, ~~then~~.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell;⁽¹¹⁵⁾ but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.—Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [within] What, 's all the doors open here?

“Weele not commend,” &c.—I adopt the conjecture of Zachary Jackson; which is perhaps the best method of amending a line in which there is manifestly *some* corruption.—Warburton and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read “*Well not commend what we intend not sell*,” an alteration which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 197) “fears would be far too harsh for Shakespeare.”

(¹¹⁴) *kill*] “A strong expression this ‘*kill*’ and not digested by moderns, for the four latter make *seal* of it; but of its genuineness the word ‘*attachment*’ is evidence, which continues the metaphor.” Capell's *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 131.—“Read ‘*lull*;’ at any rate, ‘*kill*’ is nonsense.” W. N. LETTSOM.

(¹¹⁵) *As tediously us hell,*] Pope gave “*Tedious as hell*.”

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be
good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchio! ⁽¹¹⁶⁾
hast not slept to-night? would he not—a naughty man—
let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd i' th'
head!—⁽¹¹⁷⁾ *[Knocking within.]*
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
[Knocking within.]
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:

⁽¹¹⁶⁾ *ah, poor capocchio!*] The old eds. have “*a poore chipochia*,”—
“*a*” being put, as it frequently is, for “*ah*.” So in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*;

“*A Colin thou art all deceiued*,” &c. Sig. C ii. ed. 1584.

“*A Venus, but for reuerence*,” &c. *Id. ibid.*

“*A well is she hath Colin wonne*,” &c. *Id. Sig. C iii.*

(Several editors print “*capocchia*”; but wrongly, if the term is to be considered as Italian, and as meaning *simpleton*; though an ed. of Barretti's *Ital. Dict.* is now before me, in which “*capocchio*” is given as *an adjective*. The word “*capocchia*” signifies the *knob of a stick*, and—*something else*.)

⁽¹¹⁷⁾ *knock'd i' th' head!*] This (the reading both of the quarto and the folio) has been altered to “*knock'd o' the head*” by editors who forgot that formerly *in* was often used for *on*.

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pan. [going to the door] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Aene. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Aene. Who! ⁽¹¹⁸⁾—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Aene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Aene. By Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!— I will go meet them: and, my Lord Aeneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

(118) *Who!* Theobald prints "Pho."

Aene. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.⁽¹¹⁹⁾

[*Exeunt Troilus and Aeneas.*]

Pan. Is't possible ? no sooner got but lost ? The devil
take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad : a plague
upon Antenor ! I would they had broke's neck !

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now ! what's the matter ? who was here ?

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's my lord ?
gone ! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above !

Cres. O the gods !—what's the matter ?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in : would thou had'st ne'er been
born ! I knew thou wouldest be his death :—O, poor gentle-
man !—A plague upon Antenor !

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech
you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone ;

(119) *Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature*
Have not more gift in taciturnity.]

So the folio.—The quarto has

“ *Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbor Pandar*
Have not, &c.

The reading of the folio (though Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and others
have tampered with it) is doubtless right,—“secrets” being used here as
a trisyllable : see *Shakespeare's Versification, &c.*, p. 10, by Walker, who
cites the following among other passages ;

“ Whether thou wilt be *secret* in this.”
Marlowe's *Edward II.*,—*Works*, p. 221, ed. Dyce, 1858.

“ Tush, that's a *secret* ; we cast all waters.”
Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 499, ed. Dyce.

“ But you must swear to keep it *secret*.”
Jonson's *Sejanus*,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 134, ed. Gifford.—

1865. To the above examples may be added ;

“ Bid him be merry still, but *secret*.”
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, Sig. F, ed. 1618.

thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to't.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praisèd cheeks; Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding “Troilus.” I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Street before PANDARUS' house.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,⁽¹²⁰⁾ Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her,

⁽¹²⁰⁾ Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,] Capell printed “Comes fast upon: now, good my brother Troilus:” and in his *Notes, &c.*, he oddly but truly speaks of “comes fast upon” as an “antiquary expression,” and adds that “the verse's supplement hitherto has been ‘fast upon us.’” Vol. ii. P. iv. p. 132.

Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.]
Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
 And would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
 Please you walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in PANDARUS' house.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it : how can I moderate it ?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief :
 My love admits no qualifying dross ;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks !⁽¹²¹⁾
Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [Embracing him.]
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace
 too. “O heart,” as the goodly saying is,
 “—O heart, O⁽¹²²⁾ heavy heart,
 Why sigh’st thou without breaking ?”

where he answers again,

⁽¹²¹⁾ *Ah, sweet ducks !* So the quarto (“*a* [i.e. ah : see note 116]
sweete ducks”).—The folio has “*a sweet ducke*.” But the plural is right:
 Pandarus, seeing the lovers embrace (which, from his next speech, it is
 evident they do), calls them “sweet ducks,”—as, presently, he calls
 them “lams.”

⁽¹²²⁾ *O* ! Not in the old eds.

“ Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.”⁽¹²³⁾

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [within] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

(¹²³) *Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.]*

This, it must be confessed, reads oddly.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes “*By silence nor by speaking.*”

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit.

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians? ⁽¹²⁴⁾

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again? ⁽¹²⁵⁾

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—"be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise: ⁽¹²⁶⁾
How novelty may move, and parts with person,

(124) *Grecians?*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom, on account of what follows, would read "Greeks."

(125) *When shall we see again?*] In *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. i., Imogen addresses the very same words to Posthumus.—See note 122 on *Measure for Measure*, and note 2 on *King Henry VIII.*

(126) *The Grecian youths are full of quality;*
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise:—]

The quarto has only

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—.
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not,

Tro. Die I a villain, then !

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.⁽¹²⁷⁾

*“ The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise.”*

The folio has

*“ The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving well compos’d, with guilt of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise ;”*

where “Flawing” (a misprint for “Flowing”) and “swelling” are surely *variae lectio[n]es*: earlier in this play a double reading has crept into the text of the old copies; see note 88.—But Mr. W. N. Lettsom “entirely differs from those who think that either ‘flowing’ or ‘swelling’ was intended to be cancelled.” He would read and arrange (nearly with the folio),

*“ They’re loving, well compos’d with gifts of nature ;
Flowing, swelling o’er, with arts and exercise : ”*

and he adds that “‘Flowing’ is here a monosyllable, and ‘exercise’ a plural;” and that “‘swelling o’er’ strengthens ‘Flowing.’ for the metaphor is taken from rivers, which, if they are of any consequence, always *flow*, but only occasionally *swell* over their banks.”

⁽¹²⁷⁾ *their changeful potency.*] Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector, *inventing a word*, reads “*their chainful potency*,” from which reading (though starker nonsense was never put on paper) Mr. Collier, equally *ébèruckös*, contrives to elicit a meaning,—“*their potency to hold as with a chain.*” But may not the old reading be explained “*their potency which is subject to variation, and therefore imperfect, and not to be rashly relied on?*”

Aene. [within] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part.
Par. [within] Brother Troilus !
Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
 And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true ?
Tro. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit
 Is “ plain and true ; ” there’s all the reach of it.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady
 Which for Antenor we deliver you :
 At the port, lord, I’ll give her to thy hand ;
 And by the way possess thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,⁽¹²⁸⁾
 If e’er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam’s⁽¹²⁹⁾ is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
 To shame the zeal⁽¹³⁰⁾ of my petition to thee

(128) *Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,*] “Wrong, I think ; ‘fair’ occurs again four and seven lines below.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 298.

(129) *Priam’s*] So Hanmer ; and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 265).—The old eds. have “Priam.”

(130) *zeal*] The old eds. have “seale ;” which is defended by Heath (who altogether misunderstands the passage), and is retained by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight ; by the former, without any remark,—by the latter with a note which, to me at least, is unintelligible.—1865. Mr. Collier now reads, with his Ms. Corrector, “zeal.”

In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
 Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
 To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
 I'll answer to my lust:⁽¹³¹⁾ and know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be't so,"
 I'll⁽¹³²⁾ speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning!
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei.⁽¹³³⁾ Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 On his fair worth and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

(¹³¹) *I'll answer to my lust:—* A very doubtful reading.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures “*I'll answer to thy lust,*” i.e. I'll answer you in any way you please.—Here Mr. Staunton remarks, “‘*Lust*,’ in its ancient sense of *pleasure*, is intelligible; but it looks very like a misprint for ‘*trust*’.”

(¹³²) *I'll* The quarto has “*I.*”—See note 10 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and note 27 on *King Henry VIII*.

(¹³³) *Dei.*] Here the folio has the prefix “*Dio.*”—This is not in the quarto.

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair.
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,⁽¹³⁴⁾
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that th' appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

(134) *Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,]*

In the old eds. the passage stands thus,

*"Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet," &c. ;*

and so it stands in the eds. of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier,—the former observing on it ; “Perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so* correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspere. If it had been reprinted, with a literal attention to the punctuation even, up to the present hour, we should have a better copy than England possesses in a hundred shapes. WE HAVE AN INSTANCE BEFORE US.” Several other instances exactly parallel of the *correct punctuation of the first folio* might be easily adduced : I shall only cite two ;

*“Hot, Revoluted Mortimer ?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre : to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,” &c.
First Part of Henry IV. act i. sc. 3.*

*“Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one.”
Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 2.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. "Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

[*Kisses her.*]

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

[*Kisses her.*]

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:

[*Kisses her.*]

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

And parted thus you and your argument. [Kisses her]

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:

[*Kisses her again.*]

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Men. ⁽¹³⁵⁾ Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

(135) Men.] The old eds. have "Patr.;" wrongly, as Tyrwhitt saw.

The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire't.

Cres. Why, beg then, do.⁽¹³⁶⁾

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word :—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Exit with Cressida.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting⁽¹³⁷⁾ welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader ! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

(136) *do.*] I have added this word for the sake of the rhyme, feeling quite confident that a rhyme was intended here.—Johnson's proposed addition was "two."

(137) *accosting*] So Mason (and so Walker ; "Certainly 'accosting,'" *crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 199).—The old eds. have "a coasting."

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state⁽¹²⁸⁾ of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands ?⁽¹²⁹⁾ or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil.⁽¹⁴⁰⁾ 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

⁽¹²⁸⁾ *you state*] So the folio.—The quarto has “the state.”—But (though we have previously had “this noble state,” i.e. “these personages of high rank,” p. 48), I strongly suspect that Shakespeare wrote here “you (or “ye”) states;” the plural being formerly very common in the sense of “nobility.”

⁽¹²⁹⁾ *commands?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 68) says; “I think Shakespeare wrote ‘crownes,’ which to a careless eye, like that of the printer, might look like ‘commands.’

⁽¹⁴⁰⁾ *Achil.*] The old eds. have “Aga.”

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:⁽¹⁴¹⁾

(141) *Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.*—The quarto has “*— an impure thought,*” &c.; the folio, “*— an impaire thought,*” &c.—Johnson saw that here “*impure*” was the true reading, but he forbore to make any change, being “overpowered by the unanimity of the editors and concurrence of the old copies.”—Next comes Steevens, whose note in defence of “*impair*” runs thus; “So, in Chapman's Preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: 'nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man,' &c.” But it happens that the passage which Steevens has cited, and which I now subjoin entire, is nothing to the purpose, for in it “*empaire*” is a **SUBSTANTIVE**,—not, as he supposed, and as he has misled even Nares, Todd, and Richardson to suppose, an **adjective**;

“To the Vnderstander.

“You are not every bodie, to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to vtter my minde, nor is it more *empaire* [*i.e.* *impair*, *impairment*] to an honest and absolute mans sufficiencie to haue few friendes, then to an *Homericall* Poeme to haue few commenderes, for neyther doe common dispositions keepe fitte or plausible consort with iudicall and simple honestie, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate Poeme.” *Achilles' Shield*, 1598, sig. B.

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 156, I pointed out this unfortunate mistake of Steevens: yet Mr. Collier, in the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, persists in retaining the lection “*an impair thought*,” which he explains “a thought unworthy of him,

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects;⁽¹⁴²⁾ but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul &
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Awake thee!

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Adam. His

Dio. You must no more. [The man gets up.]

Princess, enough so please you.

Princes, enough, so please you.
Again, I am not weary yet; let us fight again.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us light again.
Dido. As Hector pleases.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

quoted from *Achilles' Shield* "proves me to be wrong." I therefore subjoin three other passages of Chapman, in which surely Mr. Collier will not venture to deny that "*empaire*" is a SUBSTANTIVE;

Only the extreme false printing troubles my conscience, for leave
of your deserved discouragement in the empaire of our Poets sweetnesse ;
whose generall diuinite of spirit, clad in my willing labours (enuisous
of none, nor detracting any) I commit to your good nature and solid
capacitie." "To the Vnderstander,"—*Achilles' Shield*, 1598, sig. B 3.

"And God, that yet neuer let me liue, I know will neuer let me die,
an empaire to any friend."

Epistle Dedicatore to *An Epicede, &c., on Prince Henry, 1612.*

"Blow, blow, sweet windes, O blow away
Al vapours from the fined ayre ; •
That to this golden head no vex

That to this golden head no ray
May languish with the least emprise."

Shakespeare, of course, is not singular in making the accent fall on the first syllable of "*impure*:" compare a line in Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*:

"Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde" Sir G. ed. 1604

(¹⁴²) objects:] Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "objects?"

Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
 That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impression made
 Of our rank feud: but the just gods gairssay
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drainèd! Let⁽¹⁴⁸⁾ me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earnèd in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus⁽¹⁴⁹⁾ so mirable—
 On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st oyes
 Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;

⁽¹⁴⁸⁾ *Be drainèd! Let]* Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 200) conjectures "Be drained forth" (or "out"—as Capell gave).—I strongly suspect that the poet wrote "Be drainèd! O, let."—(Both the quarto and the folio have "drainèd," not "drain'd.")

⁽¹⁴⁹⁾ *Neoptolemus]* Was expanded into "Neoptolemus' sire" by Warburton. But most probably, as Johnson observes, "the author, remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus."—Steevens shows that in a poem by Wilfrid Holme, *The Fall and Evill Successe of Rebellion*, &c., 1572, the same mistake occurs.

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—
As sold I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [to *Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less
to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth ; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advancèd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
“Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !”
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow :—
Well, welcome, welcome !—I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!—⁽¹⁴⁵⁾
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?⁽¹⁴⁶⁾
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

⁽¹⁴⁵⁾ *thou!*—] Tyrwhitt would read “though.”—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 201) conjectures “there” (*i.e.* in that matter).

⁽¹⁴⁶⁾ *whether there, or there, or there?*] Here “whether” is to be read (as it is frequently written in Shakespeare) “wher.”

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. • Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't: .
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

• [Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence ?

Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before ACHILLES' tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy !
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news ?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol
of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. [Gives letter.

Achil. From whence, fragment ?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now ?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity !⁽¹⁴⁷⁾ and what need these
tricks ?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy ; I profit not by thy talk :
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.⁽¹⁴⁸⁾

(147) *adversity.*] "I believe in this instance signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus." STEEVENS.—"We feel assured that Shakespeare wrote 'perversity,' and that in some way, either by the copyist or printer, the preposition became changed." COLLIER.

(148) *male varlet.*] Here and in the next speech both the quarto and the folio have "male varlot ;" which was altered in the fourth folio to "male varlet."—"Sir T. Hanmer reads 'male harlot,' plausibly enough,

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-thume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !⁽¹⁴⁰⁾

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ?

except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands." JOHNSON.—"Some editors have seriously proposed to read 'male *harlot*,' not being aware that the former word often represented the latter one : thus, in Middleton's 'Roaring Girl,' Act i. Sc. 1, 'She's a *varlet*.' In Decker and Middleton's play called 'The Honest Whore,' Act i. Sc. 10, we have, indeed, the very expression of the text,

" — 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord." STAUNTON.—

I doubt if in the above-cited passage of *The Roaring Girl* (Middleton's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 447, ed. Dyce) "*varlet*" be any thing more than a general term of reproach. As for the passage of *The Honest Whore* (Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 77), which Mr. Staunton adduces, and which was originally quoted by Farmer, I can only say that if "*male varlet*" be used there as equivalent to *amazius* (which is by no means certain), the passage is rightly brought forward in illustration of that in *Troilus and Cressida*. I subjoin it ; having first to notice that the person who occasions the dialogue is a female,—Bellafront, in the disguise of a page ;

" *Ser.* Here's a person [parson] would speak with you, sir.

Hip. Hah !

Ser. A parson, sir, would speak with you.

Hip. Vicar ?

Ser. Vicar ! no, sir, has too good a face to be a vicar yet ; a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth ? of man or woman ? lock the doors.

Ser. If it be a woman, marrow-bones and potato-pies keep me from meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches ! 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor ne'er measured him," &c.

I may conclude this unsatisfactory note by observing that Horne Tooke considers *varlet* to be the same word as *harlot*, the aspirate being changed to *v*.

(⁽¹⁴⁰⁾) *discoveries* !] Hanmer substitutes "debaucheries ;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "discolourers" (!).—"Singer, I think, is right in reading 'discoverers,' but surely 'discoverers' with the epithet 'preposterous' can mean nothing but 'masculine whores.' Compare *Isaiah* lvii. 8 ; 'Thou hast discovered thyself to another than me.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—Qy. is "discoveries" the abstract for the concrete ? see note 142 on *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcent flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies,—diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique⁽¹⁵⁰⁾ memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, & a owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus!—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not

⁽¹⁵⁰⁾ oblique] “‘Antique,’ I think” [which Hanmer printed]. Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 202.

what I would be, if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day ! spirits and fires !

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink,⁽¹⁵¹⁾ sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch ; he goes to Calchas' tent :

I'll keep you company.

Tro. [*aside to Ulyss.*] Sweet sir, you honour me.

(151) *Sweet draught : sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink,*] “ Rather, ‘Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet draught, sweet sink,’” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 202.

Hect. And so, good night.

[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.

Achil.

Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Before CALCHAS' tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [within] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [within] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at some distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you.

[Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what.—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan!
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro.

By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? You will break out.*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!*Ulyss.* Come, come.*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—stay a little while.*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!*Dio.* But will you, then?*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.*Cres.* I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?*Ulyss.* My lord,—*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!*Dio.* I shall have it.*Cres.* What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;⁽¹⁵²⁾ He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will. But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not; I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell; Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

⁽¹⁵²⁾ *Nay, do not snatch it from me;]* In the old eds. this is given, by mistake, to "Dio."

Ores.

Good night: I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.
 Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads must err; O, then conclude
 Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
 Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore."

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
 For depravation,—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
 mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
 If sanctimony be•the gods' delight,
 If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth conduce⁽¹⁵³⁾ a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifex for a point, as subtle
 As Ariachne's⁽¹⁵⁴⁾ broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
 Of her o'er-eaten faith,⁽¹⁵⁵⁾ are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd⁽¹⁵⁶⁾
 With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulg'd well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

(¹⁵³) *conduce*] This very doubtful reading was altered to "commence" by Rowe.

(¹⁵⁴) *Ariachne's*] So the folio.—The quarto has "Ariachna's" and (in some copies) "Ariathna's."—There seems to be little doubt that Shakespeare wrote the name incorrectly.

(¹⁵⁵) *The fractions of her faith*

Of her o'er-eaten faith,]

"Qu. 'o'er-eaten truth' or 'troth'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 298.

(¹⁵⁶) *May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd*] So Walker: see his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 165, and his *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 261.—The old eds. omit "but" (which omission makes "*Troilus*"—what it never is in Shakespeare—a trisyllable).

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,⁽¹⁵⁷⁾
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concup.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
 Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.*]

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would
 croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus
 will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
 parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commo-
 dious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; no-
 thing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

⁽¹⁵⁷⁾ as much as I do Cressid love,] The quarto has “as much I do Cressid love,” &c.; the folio, “as much I doe Cressida love,” &c.; the second folio, “as much as I doe Cressida love,” &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read “As much as I did Cressid love.”

SCENE III. *Troy. Before PRIAM's palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment ?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go !

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.⁽¹⁵⁸⁾

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent,
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows :
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded ! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.⁽¹⁵⁹⁾

⁽¹⁵⁸⁾ *to-day*] The old eds. have "to the day" (of which Malone and others approve!).

⁽¹⁵⁹⁾ *And. O, be persuaded ! do not count it holy*
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.]

The last three lines are not in the quarto ; "the compositor's eye," as Malone observes, "having probably passed over them ; in consequence

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.⁽¹⁶⁰⁾

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness, youth ;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

of which the next speech of Cassandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this."—The folio has

"*And. O be persuaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust ; it is as lawfull :
For we woul'd count givē much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie,"*"—.

In the third line I adopt the emendation of Tyrwhitt, who no doubt is right in saying that the word "count" crept in from the preceding line but one.—The more recent attempts to mend the passage are not worth considering.—Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, who give each a new alteration, object to the expression introduced by Tyrwhitt, "use thefts," calling it "clearly not Shakespearian" and "awkward." It certainly does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare ; but Middleton (no mean master of language) has

"Is it enough to use adulterous THEFTS," &c.
Women beware Women,—Works, iv. 621, ed. Dyce.

⁽¹⁶⁰⁾ *Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.]*

The old eds. have "— but the deere man," &c.—"No other word than 'brave' will fit the sentence ; and so Pope, and all following editors, read, till Johnson (I think it was he) restored *dear*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i p. 294.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,⁽¹⁶¹⁾
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.⁽¹⁶²⁾

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ! how now !

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers ;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The⁽¹⁶³⁾ venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to Ruthful work, rein them from Ruth.⁽¹⁶⁴⁾

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector,⁽¹⁶⁵⁾ then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day

Tro. Who should withhold me ?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-gallèd with recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

(161) When many times the captive Grecians fall,

You bid them rise, and live.]

The old eds. have " — the captive Grecian falls," &c.

(162) Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 298) observes ; " *Fair* [in the first of these lines] has a specious look ; but is quite out of place. Read *fierce* ; *faire*—*fierce* or *feirce*." — Is the true reading " *fell sword* " ? Compare *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2 ;

" But with the whiff and wind of his *fell sword*
Th' unnervèd father falls."

(163) *The*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read " *Then* ;" and rightly, I suspect.

(164) *Ruthful work, rein them from Ruth.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 299) conjectures " *deafhul work*," &c.

(165) *Hector,*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes " *Nay, Hector.*"

Re-enter CASSANDRA and PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: ⁽¹⁶⁶⁾
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O Hector!

⁽¹⁶⁶⁾ *Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:]* Walker (Crit. Exam., &c., vol. i. p. 299) would read "Lay hand upon him," &c.

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell!—yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell! the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.* *Alarums.*

Tro. They're at it, hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Troilus is going out, enter from the other side Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

[*Gives letter.*

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; Th' effect doth operate another way.— [Tearing the letter. Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.— My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.⁽¹⁶⁷⁾ [Exeunt severally.

(167) *But edifies another with her deeds.*] After this line the folio has

“*Pand.* Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum. [Exeunt.]

“The two last lines (with a similar introduction by Pandarus [and “broker” rightly substituted for “brother”]) are also found just before the close of the play: they cannot be rightly inserted in both places, and as they seem to come in with at least equal propriety, and with the correction of a misprint, subsequently, we have given them in that place, and omitted them here.” COLLIER.—But Walker, differing wholly from Mr. Collier, observes; “This is the proper place for these two speeches:

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing⁽¹⁶⁸⁾ rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin⁽¹⁶⁹⁾ to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

for without them the scene ends abruptly: and, on the other hand, the concluding lines of Troilus's speech, v. 10,—

‘Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe,’—

are evidently the concluding lines of the play itself: the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion,—an extra note after the harmony is completed. Besides, after what had passed, is it conceivable that Pandarus's disgrace should have been put off to the end of the play? Pandarus's epilogue must, therefore, be an interpolation. (Since I wrote this, I have discovered that Steevens also thought that the play ended here.) Perhaps the words from ‘*A goodly medicine*’ to ‘*painted cloths*’ ought to be added to the end of v. 3. Troilus strikes Pandarus, or pushes him violently from him.” *Crit. Engm.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 203.

(¹⁶⁸) *sneering*] Theobald substituted “sneering.”

(¹⁶⁹) *begin*] The old eds. have “began.”

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeveless! ⁽¹⁷⁰⁾

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a
very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a
plague break thy neck for frightening me!—What's become
of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one
another: I would laugh at that miracle:—yet, in a sort,
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd ⁽¹⁷¹⁾ the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon

⁽¹⁷⁰⁾ *the sleeveless!*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds.
have “*the sleeve.*”

⁽¹⁷¹⁾ *I have chastis'd*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 8) would
read “*I've châstisèd.*”—See note 140 on *The Tempest*.

Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scalèd sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?—
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face ;⁽¹⁷²⁾
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry :—
Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head !

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

Ajax. What wouldest thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus !

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed !—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the⁽¹⁷³⁾ life thou ow'st me for my horse !

Dio. Ha, art thou there ?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone : stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize ; I will not look upon.⁽¹⁷⁴⁾

Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks ; have at you both !

[Exit, fighting.

⁽¹⁷²⁾ show thy face ;] Q.v. “and show thy face”?

⁽¹⁷³⁾ the] The old eds. have “thy.”

⁽¹⁷⁴⁾ I will not look upon.] “That is (as we should now speak), I will not be a *looker-on*.” MALONE.—See note 121 on *The Winter's Tale*.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,⁽¹⁷⁵⁾
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter TROILUS.

How now, my brother!

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day..

[*Exit.*]

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*]

(175) *I would have been much more a fresher man,*] “Qu. ‘— a much more fresher man?’” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 248.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ACHILLES with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath :
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute your aims.⁽¹⁷⁶⁾
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. • [Exit.]

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting ; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.—
Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now my double-henned sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo !—The bull has the game :—ware horns, ho ! [Exit.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell, bastard. [Exit.]

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [Exit.]

⁽¹⁷⁶⁾ *aims.*] “So,” says Mr. Collier, “the 4to belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. . . . This slight variation in the copies [some copies having ‘armes,’ and the folio ‘arme’] makes clear a passage which gave the commentators some trouble ;” Mr. Collier evidently not knowing that here Capell printed “armes.”

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.**Enter* HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forgo this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
 "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."—[*A retreat sounded.*
 Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
 My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bait,⁽¹⁷⁷⁾ thus goes to bed.

[*Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*

(177) *bait,*] So the quarto ("bait" meaning, of course, refreshment).—The folio has "bed;" for which nonsense the editor of the second folio (who most probably never looked into the quarto) substituted "bitt," &c.: the two later folios have "bit."

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his⁽¹⁷⁸⁾ death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp-wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AENEAS and Trojans.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite all Troy!⁽¹⁷⁹⁾

⁽¹⁷⁸⁾ his] Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "this."

⁽¹⁷⁹⁾ smite all Troy, &c.] So Hanmer (whose punctuation is,

"smite all Troy

I say at once; let your brief plagues be mercy," &c.).—

The old eds. have "smile at Troy," &c. (In *King Henry V.* act ii. sc. 1,

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Aeneas. My lord, you do discomfit all the host.

Troilus. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there "Hector's dead:"
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and, thou great-siz'd
coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—⁽¹⁸⁰⁾
Strike a free march⁽¹⁸¹⁾ to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Aeneas and Trojans.*

vol. iv. p. 430, we have had "smites" misprinted "smiles:" in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, the folio has "wold *al* the rest wer so;" and in note 141 on the present play is a quotation from a masque by Chapman in which "all" is spelt "Al;" a spelling that might easily be corrupted into "At" by a scribe or compositor.)—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Preface to Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., p. xxiii.) observes; "'Smile,' no doubt, is nonsense, and the words 'I say at once' are awkward, whether we take them with what goes before, or with what comes after. Perhaps we might reasonably read, partly with Hanmer,

'Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and *smite all* Troy,
Ay, slay at once; let,' &c.

"Ay" is almost always spelt "I" in the old copies."

(⁽¹⁸⁰⁾) *frenzy thoughts.*—] The old eds. have "frienzes (and frensies) thoughts."

(⁽¹⁸¹⁾) *Strike a free murch, &c.*] See note 167.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey ! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! [Exit.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones !—
O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O
traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and
how ill requited ! why should our endeavour be so loved,
and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what
instance for it ?—Let me see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
And being once subdu'd in arm'd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall ;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some gallèd goose of Winchester⁽¹⁸²⁾ would hiss :
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

(182) *Some gallèd goose of Winchester*] See Glossary in “*Winchester goose*.”—Commenting on these words, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, Mr. Collier goes out of his way to tax me with error, as follows ; “ The ordinary term for a victim to sharpers and persons of that class, in the time of Shakespeare and afterwards, was, as every body knows, *gull*. See a passage in Middleton's ‘ Michaelmas Term,’ A. iii. sc. 4 (Works by Dyce, i. 477), in which, by an odd blunder, a usurer is called a ‘*gull*’ instead of a *gall* : the person so designated was the *gull* and annoyance, not ‘*the gall of the city*.’” What an “odd blunder” Mr. Collier himself commits here ! The passage is ; “ I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very *gull* a' the city, &c. ;” and the context “*devourer*” proves that “*gull*” is perfectly right. The following extract from Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary* is particularly recommended to the notice of Mr. Collier ; “*GULL.—3. A sea-bird [mergus]. Probably from *gulo*, as the bird is a voracious feeder.*”

CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—It is proved by the style to have been one of the author's latest compositions: according to Malone, it was written in 1610.—North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amyot) supplied Shakespeare with the incidents, and indeed with much of the wording, of this tragedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS,
a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS }
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, *Ædiles*, Lictors, Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Partly Rome and its neighbourhood; partly Corioli and its
neighbourhood; and partly Antium.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Citizens. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Citizens. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. •Is't a verdict?

Citizens. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object⁽¹⁾ of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge

⁽¹⁾ *object*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "abjectness."

this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in th'irst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Citizens. Against him first:⁽²⁾ he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.⁽³⁾

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly⁽⁴⁾ proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

Citizens. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

⁽²⁾ *Against him first, &c.*] Malone thinks that this speech (which in the folio has the prefix "All") ought to be assigned to the *First Citizen*.

⁽³⁾ *Nay, but speak not maliciously.*] The folio gives this speech to "All."

⁽⁴⁾ *partly.*] Mr. Staunton conjectures "partly;" Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "pertly," i.e. openly, clearly.—(Hammer prints "he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud;" Capell, "he did it partly to please his mother, and to be proud.")

First Cit. Our business⁽⁵⁾ is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander

(5) *Our business, &c.]* "This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second Citizen*. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first Citizen* [to whom Capell gives them]. "The *second* is rather friendly to Coriolanus." MALONE.—Mr. Knight—who "adheres to the original copy for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it"—declares that "this speaker is of a *higher cast* than he who says, 'Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price;'"—a view of the Citizen's character quite at variance with the description of it which, according to Mr. Knight's own text, Menenius presently gives;

"What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?
SEC. CIT. I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most*wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage."

In fact, the passage just cited serves to prove that Capell and Malone were well warranted in altering the prefix here and subsequently. (In act ii. sc. 3, where Coriolanus, about to solicit the voices of the people, says, "here comes a *BRACE*," the folio has "Enter *THREE* of the *Citizens*," and prefixes to their respective speeches "3 *Cit.*," "2 *Cit.*," "1 *Cit.*")

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't⁽⁶⁾ a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob-off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

First Cit. Well, sir,
What answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly⁽⁷⁾ replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly

⁽⁶⁾ stale't] The folio has "scale't."

⁽⁷⁾ tauntingly] So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "taintingly" and "tantingly."

As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What?
The kingly-crownèd head,⁽⁸⁾ the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents,⁽⁹⁾ if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you've little—
Patience awhile, you'll⁽¹⁰⁾ hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop

(8) *The kingly-crownèd head, &c.*] Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 208) says that this passage "evidently belongs to Menenius." I think, on the contrary, that it evidently belongs to the Citizen, who assumes the part and language of the rebellious members. If it be taken from the Citizen, what propriety is there in the subsequent exclamation of Menenius, "Fore me, *this fellow speaks!*"? (In Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1826, I find not only that this is given to Menenius, but that, among other changes in the distribution of the present dialogue, the words,

"Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,"

are transferred to Menenius,—with great unfitness.)

(9) *The former agents,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 206) puts a "qu." after these words, as if uncertain about the meaning of "former," or doubting if it were the right reading.

(10) *you'll*] The folio has "you'st."

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
 I send it⁽¹¹⁾ through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
 You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. “Though all at once can not
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but^{the} the bran.”—What say you to't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members: for, examine
 Their counsels and their cares; digest⁽¹²⁾ things rightly
 Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
 No public benefit which you receive
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—
 You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

(11) *I send it, &c.*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom boldly proposes

“*I send it through the rivers of your blood,*
And through the cranks and offices of man,
Even to the center'd heart, th' high-seated brain:
The strongest nerves, &c.”

(12) *digest*] I may notice that here the folio has “digest” (which spelling was formerly not unusual); but that afterwards in this play (see p. 190) it has “digest The Senates Courtesie.”—A writer in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. p. 27, defending the gross corruption of the folio in act iii. sc. 1, “Bosome-multiplied” (see note 109), rests a portion of his very weak argument on the present passage, which he does not scruple to maintain ought henceforth to be pointed thus;

“The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members!—For examine—
 Their counsels, and their cares digest things rightly
 Touching the weal o' the common!—you shall find,” &c.!

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,⁽¹³⁾
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
 The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,⁽¹⁴⁾
 That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

(13) *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,*] "Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that . . . a lean deer is called a *rascal*, and that 'worst in blood' is *least in vigour* [both "*rascal*" and "*in blood*" being terms of the forest]." STEEVENS.—Here Hanmer substituted "first" for "worst," and Mr. Staunton (not happily) conjectures "last."

(14) *What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs?*

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. *He that will give good words to ye will flutter
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs. &c.]*

The folio has "*Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flutter,*" &c.; the transcriber or compositor, it would seem, having mistaken "*ye*" for "*y*" (i.e. thee):—that the author could not possibly have written "*thee*" here is manifest. See note 107 on *The Tempest*.

Which would increase his evil. He that depend
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye !(15)
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these⁽¹⁶⁾ several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ?—What's their seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say !
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol ; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough !
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost⁽¹⁷⁾ thoroughly persuaded ;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolv'd : hang 'em !
They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only :—with these shreds
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,

⁽¹⁵⁾ *Hang ye ! Trust ye !* — “ Coleridge, *Literary Remains*, proposes ‘Trust ye ? Hang ye !’ Perhaps right.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 206.—But compare the first words of Marcius’s next speech, “Hang ‘em ! They say !”

⁽¹⁶⁾ *these*] Should perhaps be “the.”

⁽¹⁷⁾ *almost*] Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector reads “all most.”

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
 To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.⁽¹⁸⁾

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,⁽¹⁹⁾
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd⁽²⁰⁾ the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent
 Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS
 BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,—
 The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility;

⁽¹⁸⁾ *Shouting their emulation.*] The folio has "Shouting," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Shouting their exultation." But the text is certainly right; and seems to be rightly explained by Malone, "Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest."

⁽¹⁹⁾ *Brutus, &c.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 207) proposes

"Brutus, one
 Sicinius," &c.

⁽²⁰⁾ *unroof'd*] The folio has "vnroo'st."

And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

— And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Cit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [to *Com.*] Lead you on.—

[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius: we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.⁽²¹⁾

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [to the *Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,⁽²²⁾
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt all except Brutus and Sicinius.* *The*
Citizens *steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

⁽²¹⁾ *Right worthy you priority.*] Means, says Malone, "You being right worthy of precedence."—But Pope, Hamner, Mason, Walker, and Mr. C.illier's Ms. Corrector agree in reading "Most worthy your priority,"—very improperly, I think.

⁽²²⁾ *mutiniers,*] See note 74 on *The Tempest.*

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, despairs the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—can not
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, " O, if he
Had borne the business ! "

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :⁽²³⁾
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Excunt.*

(23) *Come :*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom, after proposing an entirely new distribution of the dialogue here between Sicinius and Brutus, remarks ; "The word 'Come' is evidently displaced, and should be inserted, if at all, either before 'Let's hence' or 'Let's along.' The metre will allow either."

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?
What ever hath⁽²⁴⁾ been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is : [Reads.]
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west : the dearth is great ;
The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent : most likely 'tis for you :
Consider of it."

First Sen. Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves ; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome,
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :
Let us alone to guard Corioli :⁽²⁵⁾

⁽²⁴⁾ *What ever hath*] So the second folio.—The first folio has “*What ever haue*” (“Elliptically,” says Boswell, “whatever things”!).

⁽²⁵⁾ *Corioli* :] The folio throughout has “*Corioles*” (and “*Carioles*”)

If they set down before's, for the⁽²⁶⁾ remove
 Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
 They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties.⁽²⁷⁾ Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen.

Farewell.

Sec. Sen.

Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in MARCIUS' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a

⁽²⁶⁾ *the]* Perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, “their.”

⁽²⁷⁾ *from certainties.]* Hanmer printed “from very certainties.”

man-child than now in first seeing he had prov'd himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have⁽²⁸⁾ eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeited out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
I⁽²⁹⁾ see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
“Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:” his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's⁽³⁰⁾ task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria⁽³¹⁾

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*

⁽²⁸⁾ *have*] The folio has “had” (a mistake occasioned by the preceding “had rather”).

⁽²⁹⁾ *I*] Not in the folio.—(Compare what precedes, “Methinks I hear,” &c., and what follows, “Methinks I see him,” &c.;—and vide Preface to the second edition, p. 13.)

⁽³⁰⁾ *that's*] The folio has “that.”—Corrected in the second folio.

⁽³¹⁾ *At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria*] The folio has “At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell,” &c. (where “Contemning” is plainly a misprint for “contemning”).—The second folio has “At Grecian sword's contending. Tell,” &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives “At Grecian

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.
 What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.⁽³²⁾—
 How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and near a drum,
 than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very
 pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday
 half an hour together: 'has such a confirmed countenance.
 I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught
 it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over
 he comes, and up again; catched it again: or⁽³³⁾ whether his
 fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and
 tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

swords contemning. Tell, &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes “As Grecian swords contemning,”—Leo prints “At Grecian sword contemning,” and observes; “Dyce is right in asking whether ‘contemning at’ is legitimate phraseology. But Volumnia does not speak about ‘contemning at;’ she says, *spit at*; and the construction of the phrase must be, ‘when contemning (full of contempt) it spit forth blood at Grecian sword.’”—My reading is that of Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector, with the punctuation of the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

(³²) *What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.*] Here Steevens would explain “*A fine spot*” by quoting the vulgar expression, “You have made *a fine spot* of work of it;” and Boswell subjoins, “Surely it means a pretty spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted* muslin.”—A various reading, sufficiently obvious, occurred to Zachary Jackson δ κρικόταρος,—“*What, are you sewing here? A fine sport, in good faith:*” but Valeria would hardly call sewing a *sport*, unless, indeed, she were speaking ironically. (In the folio “*pot*” is spelt “*spotte*.”)

(³³) *or*] Perhaps a misprint for “and,”—which Hanmer substituted.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis ~~not~~ to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscians have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, not a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mis^th.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Ag^ted.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.⁽³⁴⁾

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. [Drums afar off.] Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,

⁽³⁴⁾ and half.] “Should be omitted; as we are told in sc. 6 that 'Tis not a mile, between the two armies.” STEEVENS.

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gatesy
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'a wit', rushes;
 They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off*] Hark you,
 far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
 Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they're at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over.

~~Mar.~~ They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
 With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave
 Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
 He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
 And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum; and excent Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er;⁽³⁵⁾ that you may be abhor'd

⁽³⁵⁾ *You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er;]*

In the folio thus;

*" You shames of Rome: you herd of Boiles and plagues
 Plaister you o're."*

"This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by-incorrect punctuation. For the present regulation I am answerable. 'You herd of *concord*!' *Marcius* would say, but his rage prevents him." *MALONE*.—*Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector* reads

*" You shames of Rome! Unheard of boiles and plagues
 Plaster you o're;"*

nor do I think the alteration so "very improbable" as it appears to *Mr. Singer (Shakespeare Vindicated, &c., p. 210)*, who asks "why *unheard*

Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches. Follow me.⁽³⁶⁾

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[Enters the gates.

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[*Marcius is shut in.*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot,⁽³⁷⁾ I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*

of?" Surely the "boils and plagues" might be termed "unheard of," if those on whom they fell were consequently to

"be abhor'd
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile."

⁽³⁶⁾ *Follow me.*] The folio has "followes"—I adopt the conjecture of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who observes: "The received reading 'followed' is a sophistication by the editor of the second folio. . . . The old stage-direction ('Another Alarum; and Martius followes them to gates, and is shut in') probably caused the error. . . . Mr. Collier proposes 'Follow us; but the singular is requisite: see the context.' Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii, p. 207.

⁽³⁷⁾ *To the pot,*] Mr. Collier adopts the reading of his Ms. Corrector, "To the port" [i.e. to the gate].—In a volume which appeared some years ago I observed; "A quotation from a drama, which Mr. Collier himself formerly edited (in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. xi.), is alone sufficient to show the atrocity of the alteration, 'To the port,'

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!⁽³⁸⁾ Thou art lost,⁽³⁹⁾ Marcius:
~~—~~ ~~entire~~ entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so ~~left~~ a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,⁽⁴⁰⁾ not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and

‘King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, *to the pot*?’

Peete's *Edward I.*—*Works*, i. 118, ed. Dyce, 1829. [*Works*,
p. 389, ed. Dyce, 1861.]

(Since I wrote what precedes, Mr. Staunton has published (March 1859) the No. of his *Shakespeare* which contains *Coriolanus*; and in his note *ad l.* he gives, not only the passage which I have cited from Peele, but the following quotations;

‘Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them *to the pot*.
‘*New Custome*, Act ii. sc. 3.

‘— they go *to the pot* for't.’

Webster's *‘White Devil*, &c., Dyce's ed. p. 117, vol. i.
[*Works*, p. 37, ed. Dyce, 1857].

Strictures on Mr. Collier's New ed. of Shakespeare, p. 155.

(38) Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!]

The folio has

“Who sensibly out-dares his senceless sword,
And when it bowes, stand'st vp.”

Here “sensible” is the correction of Thirlby (who also substituted “out-does” for “outdares”).

(39) *lost,*] The folio has “left.”—Corrected by Mr. Grant White.

(40) *Even to Cato's wish, &c.*] The folio has “Even to Calves wish,” &c.—Corrected by Theobald. (“He [Marcius] was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to laye about him, but to make the enemie afraid with the sound of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance.” North's *Plutarch*, p. 240, ed. 1579.)

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. *Within Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! ⁽⁴¹⁾ Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take

(41) prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm!]

Here Pope changed "hours" to "honours."—But Capell (*Notes, &c.*, vol. i. P. i. p. 33) observes; "The speaker could never think of applying that word ['honours'] to the men he is rating; their loss of time in this pilfering was what engag'd his thoughts most, as is evident from all he says afterwards." And Steevens defends the original reading by quoting from North's *Plutarch*; "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to looke after spoyle" &c.—For "drachm" we perhaps ought to read "drachma."

Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will hasten
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ;
My work hath yet not warm'd me : fare you well :
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me : to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords !⁽⁴²⁾ Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thy worthiest Marcius !— [Exit Marcius.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where⁽⁴³⁾ they shall know our mind : away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

Enter Cominius and Forces, retraving.

Com. Breathe you, my friends : well fought ; we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,

(42) *Misguide thy opposers' swords !*] Here, according to Walker, we ought to read “‘*The opposers* ;’ i.e. *the enemies*, ut passim apud S. The metre ($\delta\acute{o}\epsilon\mu\acute{o}\tau\acute{e}\delta\acute{o}\kappa\acute{e}\iota$) and the sense both require this ; for ‘*thy opposers*’ would properly mean Coriolanus’s personal enemies, not the Volscians.” *Crit. Exom.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 233.—I believe that “*thy opposers*” is what the author wrote,—meaning “*thy opponents*,—those of the enemy who shall oppose thee.” (In p. 178 Cominius mentions that Coriolanus, when only a stripling, “slew *three opposers*” in battle ; and in p. 224 we have: “*his great opposer*, Coriolanus.”)

(43) *Where*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would substitute “*There*.”

We shall be charg'd again. While we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts we've heard
 The charges of our friends.—Ye⁽⁴⁴⁾ Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own,
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
 May give you thankful sacrifice !

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :
 How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late ?

Mess. Spies of the Volscians
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
 Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
 That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !
 He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
 Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [within] Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
 More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
 From every meaner man's.⁽⁴⁵⁾

(44) *Ye*] The folio has "The."

(45) *the sound of Marcius' tongue*
From every meaner man's.]

The folio has "From every meaner man,"—"that is," says Malone,
 "from that of every meaner man ;" and he cites as examples of similar
 phrasology,

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague!—tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

“Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.” *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

and

“friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood [*M.* misquotes it life] that spills another.”
Timon of Athens, act iii. sc. 5.

But who does not see that in the first of these passages we ought to print “Ajax,” just as in a passage of *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 52 of the present volume,

“were your days
As green as *Ajax'*, and your brain so temper'd,” &c.?

And with respect to the passage of *Timon*, it need not be defended on the plea that the necessity of a rhyme occasioned an offence against grammar, for “another blood” may certainly mean *another blood than his own*.

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.⁽⁴⁶⁾
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They've plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,⁽⁴⁷⁾
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser⁽⁴⁸⁾ his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,

⁽⁴⁶⁾ *I do not think.*] If right, means "I do not think that the time will serve to tell."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—think it."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "—think so."

⁽⁴⁷⁾ *Antiates,*] Here the folio has "Antients;" but in the next speech "Antiats."

⁽⁴⁸⁾ *Lesser*] The folio has "Lessen."—Corrected in the third folio.